



## Sit-Down At American Embassy

Sixty demonstrators, including a dozen of U of T students, staged a sit-down strike in front of the American Embassy, last Saturday, in protest of the resumption of American nuclear testing in the atmosphere.

While most of the demonstrators crowded the steps of the Embassy, a few carried pickets in front and talked with policemen and reporters during the hour-long sedentary protest. The building was closed at the time, occupied by a lone janitor, who appeared briefly to deliver an inpromptu speech.

The demonstration, organized by the Committee of 100, began at Progressive Conservative party headquarters at King and Yonge, and moved up to the American Embassy after a brief protest against nuclear arms in Canada.

The Committee plans to hold similar demonstrations every second Saturday afternoon, one demonstrator said, in addition to a motorcade to Ottawa featuring stopoffs and protest marches through every town along the way.

Asked if she expected the US to stop nuclear testing as a result of the protest, another demonstrator refused to comment, but added, "We're still good friends."



Our candidate for engineer of the year, Miss Marlene Schmidt, saw the light when she combined the laurels of Miss Universe with Graduation in Electrical Engineering.

—Photo: courtesy Tely

## Co-ed Blasts U of T Activities

An unidentified co-ed charged the University of Toronto with overindulgence in extra-curricular activities in a heated discussion during the SAC sponsored student symposium at Hart House last week.

Students from all faculties discussed speeches by Dr. Shoock on "The University and the Student," and by Principal Moffat Woodside of University College on "The Development of the University."

The symposium covered a wide range of topics: from the need of inter-faculty residences to the social lives of students in the University, and was set up so that after the speeches the students and professors were divided into two groups in which each independently discussed the speeches given. Sometimes the discussions turned into verbal free-for-alls, on which intellectual, pseudo-intellectual and just plain stupid opinions were offered. At times, the discussions got to the Arts vs. Engineers level, in which some students thought the university was a place for scholarly studies in the pure sciences and pure humanities. They expressed the opinion that subjects such as surveying and the studying of machines had no place in the university and should be taught in separate institutes. These ideas were opposed by Vic Riley and Gary Craig, Skule's two representatives to the conference, who felt that University had to serve society and in so doing had to teach practical subjects on a high plane.

The discussion did, at times, go above the partisan level. The ed for new residences was excused and examined. In general delegates felt that residences

should be inter-faculty in which students studying in different areas of man's knowledge could meet and perhaps get to see each other's point of view. This was seen as a possible answer to the problem of developing student unity, where a bridge of understanding could be built between the sciences and the humanities. It was admitted that at present this bridge was virtually non-existent in this university.

The representatives from the faculty of medicine pointed out

the need for oral exams as a possible answer to students who became potential nervous wrecks at the thought of a written exam. "This, however, gives some students a wonderful chance to become a tongue-tied nervous wreck," one medman conceded.

Perhaps one of the most interesting opinions was expressed by Dr. Moffat Woodside, who in his speech, advocated "more imaginative student pranks". He said that anyone could perform destructively silly acts but that pranks showing some real creative ingenuity were "a credit not only to the student but also to the University". One wonders if Dr. Woodside was not subtly expressing a hint to the engineers.

## Civil Course Widened

The course in civil engineering has been broadened from two options to four. The new options will be Structural, Surveying, Municipal and Sanitary, and Transportation.

These changes will affect third and fourth year civil engineers. The new system is due to go into effect in two years.

The structural option will concentrate on the design of structures and elasticity, while the surveying option will feature geodetic surveying, astronomical work and photogrammetry. Students in the municipal and sanitary option will be concerned with municipal planning and administration, including a study of the problems of sanitation. The transportation option will be concerned with a study of traffic

control, highway design and soils.

The decision to split the civil engineering course into four options was influenced by a survey in the form of a questionnaire sent out to graduate and undergraduate students. Over 60% replied to the questionnaire. The shift was made in part to meet the demands of industry and in part to meet the demands of students.

Asked how he thought the new system would work out, Vic Riley (III Civil), newly elected President of the Engineering Society, replied, "This remains to be seen; we are innovating these changes with caution so as to avoid large errors, and yet not approach it without a sense of adventure."

## Eng. - Phys. Fizzles

Extensive modifications are planned for the Engineering Physics course in the next two years said Dean R. R. McLaughlin last week.

Changes include renaming the course Engineering Science, the extension of specialization to second year, and changes in academic standards.

Students entering second year Engineering Science will be required to choose between physical and chemical options. The division between the two options will be mild, the difference being no more than one lecture course and one lab course. As a result, Dean McLaughlin said, any student may switch divisions at the end of the second year without too much difficulty.

As the result of a statistical study requirements for promotion from first year to second year Engineering Science have been raised. Future Eng. Sci. freshmen will be required to obtain an average of 66% to continue in the course. "The results of the survey were so clear cut, that raising of academic standards became self-evident," Dean McLaughlin pointed out. "It wasn't a case of picking a number." However, this retirement will not apply to this year's freshman class.

Students obtaining an average

between 60% and 66%, will be allowed to transfer to another course. At the same time any student with sufficiently high marks will be allowed to transfer to Engineering Science on condition.

High school students entering Engineering Science will still have to obtain an average of 70% on nine papers. "This will bring us essentially the same group of students as before," Dean McLaughlin noted.

Existing options in third and fourth year will continue for the time being. One or two new options will be added in a few years. At the request of second year students the present sophomores will become the last Engineering Physicists to graduate from the University of Toronto, and this year's freshman class will be the first graduate Engineering Scientists. Both names will be used in the immediate future as the transition takes place.

## Do The Household Economics Girls Make The Best Wives?

Last week the Engineers debated with the team from Household Economics on the topic, Resolved that "Household Economic girls would make the best wives for engineers". Although the motion was supported by the audience, it was by no means a one-sided show for both the Ayes (from Home Ec.) and the Nays

presented many good points and often kept the audience laughing.

The Ayes, comprised of two lovely damsels from the above faculty, Louise Goranson and Rosemary Blyth, started off the debate with a bang ("Mr. Speaker, honourable opponents and lunatic fringe")... Louise mentioned that their girls are good at shifting engineers' minds to more cultural subjects, and happen to be in fact, very well rounded individuals. (Due not only to intellectual awareness but also to tasting their own cooking.)

The Nays, headed by Don Carlisle and backed up by Doug McCulloch stated bluntly that engineers, being the breed they are, would demand very precise standards. Through the use of a pressure versus yield curve he demonstrated that while normal girls yield in proportion to pressure up to a point and then suddenly their yielding requires no further pressure, the Household Science girls, on the other hand, need very little pressure and have almost immediate yield. Why these girls are even fickle on their wedding night — they bring out their notes on preventative medicine (when the engineers want labs, they want lectures). Hence they are incompatible with the engineer.

## Toike

Well, dear readers, you will be happy, sad, disgruntled, troubled, overwrought, or even nonplussed to read that this is the last issue of the Toike Oike for this year. During the past year we have built parking buildings, advertised the Flat Earth Society, the Canadian Overseas Volunteers and all Engineering Society activities. We have encountered the CUCND, the Lunatic Fringe, the New Image, million pound testing machines capable of capping beer bottles, engineers capable of uncapping them and consuming the contents in rapid order, and campus politicians of all shapes, sizes and ideologies.

Toike staffers are urged, nay, threatened with dire consequences, to attend the final meeting of the year Tomorrow. In the Stores. This meeting concerns future activities of the Toike Oike staff in a social and intellectual vein. Oh, yes, the meeting takes place at 1 p.m.



## TOIKE OIKE

Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science  
Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto  
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THIS ISSUE: Well, he finally did it. We never thought he would, but he did it. Roly shod off his beard. And at a time when just about everyone else is trying to grow one. Here to admire his face (which had not seen the light of day for many moons) were Don Monro, Bob Morris, Jim Morwick, Bob Russell, and Fran Bront. Don Rutherford and Vic Riley dropped in for a few minutes. But where the hell was Jim de la Plante?

## Playing The Angles

Whatever happened to angularity? Angularity, for the uninformed, was President Claude Bissell's contribution to the English language, and was a term used to describe the behaviour patterns of people who really didn't give a damn about what other people thought, but who concentrated on just being themselves.

Angularity became quite popular with the student body. Becoming an oddball reached the point of a finely developed art. Beards, sunglasses and leotards appeared magically, almost overnight. Beatniks of all degrees of pseudoes ventured onto the campus after dark, after sleeping all morning and consuming coffee all afternoon in the Arbour Room or the JCR at UC.

But angularity had its constructive aspects as well. People who never would have done so under any other circumstances actually began to *think*. Topics of discussion shifted from sex, hockey and local gossip to sex, politics and religion (usually in that order, for there are some things that even angularity cannot change). People began to ponder solutions to the world's problems on a wide scale, instead of hoping that they would disappear by the time they graduated. The University of Toronto began to approach the role of the intellectual community for which it was intended.

But alas, angularity is with us no more. U of T students on all corners of the campus became future businessmen of the world instead of future poets, philosophers and political leaders. Perhaps it was a case of survival of the fittest. At any rate exams took their toll of some exceedingly interesting and unusual characters. As a result the University of Toronto soon became another drab, urban diploma factory.

## Undergrad Newspaper

In an article last Friday, Rick Kollins, sports editor of the Varsity, levelled a last at the Students' Administrative Council for failure to nurture university spirit. He charged SAC with failure to fulfill its responsibilities to U of T students and bemoaned lack of general student support for athletic activities. Mr. Kollins might as well have saved his typewriter ribbon; the average student, let alone a SAC member, probably shrugged his shoulders and moved on to the basketball article.

One cannot help but agree with Mr. Kollins' basic premise: the spirit at this university does stink. Yet it is ironic that these remarks were written in the Varsity, for the Varsity has also failed its responsibilities as a campus-wide newspaper. Rather than create a spirit of kinship among the faculties, the Varsity has attempted to destroy any that remains for the sake of controversy and increased circulation. Though technically a finely-crafted newspaper, the Varsity has once again shown its failure as a publication truly representative of all groups on campus.

While the Varsity has done little to enhance the position of engineers on the campus, it has received little co-operation from engineers in return. How many engineers have descended to the bowels of the Varsity office with an item of general interest to the entire campus? Our position with the Varsity will improve only when we co-operate to a greater extent.

## Graduates Get Cap And Gown Prepare For That Big Moment

by DR. L. E. JONES

Convocation for graduates in Applied Science and Engineering will be held on Tuesday, May 29, 1962 at 2:30 p.m. The class assemblies in University College and parades across the front campus to enter Convocation Hall just before the academic procession, which is marshalled in Simcoe Hall. Proper academic dress must be worn, which comprises, for males, a black bachelor's gown over usual street clothes, and for females, a similar gown (usually over a white costume) and a black mortarboard cap. The bachelor's hood is maroon with white rabbit's fur and is placed over the head (by the Bedel) as the Chancellor grants the degree. A candidate with his own hood carries it on his left arm and, before kneeling, gives the hood to the Bedel, who will leave it in place. If, as is usual, the candidate does not have his own hood, the Bedel places the University's hood on and takes it off again, ready for the next candidate. Gowns and mortarboards may be rented from the S.A.C., the deposit rates being \$3 and \$2, respectively, with refunds of \$3 and \$1, respectively, upon prompt and safe return. Adequate photographic supplies are the individual's own responsibility, so come prepared!

Each candidate is allowed two

tickets for guests, which may well be fewer than the number desired. Unless the graduating class is unusually large, it is almost certainly possible for non-ticket holders to find accommodation in Convocation Hall (capacity 1,800) so that, within reason, family and friends beyond the statutory two can expect the chances of getting in to be excellent. Very often, extra tickets are available upon application to the Registrar's office, but no one who wants to come should stay away, ticket or no ticket! After Convocation, there is usually a reception and garden party (for all) in the quadrangle of University College, with refreshments.

Later on there will be available to each member of Fourth Year an official notice from the Registrar giving full details of the graduation proceedings, but for any who want additional information, either now or later, Prof. L. E. Jones of Mechanical Engineering (HU, 5-8503) has volunteered to answer questions. (On occasion, he has managed special arrangements for Convocation guests who have disabilities or infirmities which did not permit of the routine "standing in line".)

The Registrar's notice will include an application form for gown (and mortarboard) rental. Prompt forwarding of this application is desirable, and payment of deposit therewith is mandatory, as the general bustle of picking up the

academic costume on THE DAY is too great and time-consuming to permit of money matters just before the ceremony. The gowns are normally kept for long enough after the ceremony to have photographs taken and to parade around at the garden party. The costume depot is in Room 3 of the University College (enter by main doorway and proceed to S.E. part of the main floor). It is imperative to be in good time to avoid "missing the boat"—which applies both to graduates and their family and friends. Refunds are made as soon as the academic costume is returned.

On Wednesday evening, May 30, 1962, from 9 to 1 in Hart House, there will be held the annual Graduation Ball for all who are receiving their degrees at the Spring Convocation. With the general festivity of the occasion, and the splendid accommodations of Hart House, both in the dance rooms and in the quadrangle, this is a memorable event. Mart Kenney is providing the music. Tickets are \$3.50 per couple, available at S.A.C. after April 15th. Dress is generally informal, but all phases of appropriate attire may be seen (dinner jacket, blazer and flannels, white linen suit, summer suit, etc., etc.).

It is strongly recommended that members of Fourth Year clip this article and keep it for later reference.

## Existentialist Makes Ego Exit

The door of the Galbraith building swung open and a tall scrawny figure slouched out. He wore a beer-spattered dark blue jacket and equally repulsive black denim pants. From his mouth dangled a large Havana cigar and in his eyes shone a careless boredom. In general Ugo looked like something left over from an all night orgy. He was different all right — different not only from the arts' students but also from other engineers. Even when he moved, Ugo didn't walk, instead he slumped from place to place in an effortless shuffle. When he relaxed, he didn't sit in a chair, he let it capture him and unwound into an unconditional, undignified surrender. But that's the way Ugo was; he didn't give a hot damn for anyone or anything.

Sometimes Ugo could be found at the Sigmund library, sitting intently in a chair and studying with great interest — the way that girls would cross their legs. But Ugo didn't go for crowds too much because (as he put it), he didn't like "sniffing armpits". In fact, he even went so far as to develop subversive tactics that encouraged people to sit elsewhere. These tactics constituted a one-two punch that subtly begged a would-be neighbour to go away: first, Ugo would make all sorts of barbaric sounds which were calculated to irritate the enemy; secondly, came the well-vented wind job that made the enemy cringe, by working on his respiratory system. This two-pronged effort usually gave Ugo all the privacy that his little hermit-heart desired.

Academically, Ugo was a freshman, but physically he spent almost the whole of his beatnik existence guzzling continuous draughts of beer at a table near the wall of the KCR (now defunct). He would amuse himself by dropping the empties on the floor to see if they bounced. (They didn't). Actually he had a name for this happy little pastime: "measuring the coefficient of restitution of silica solids." He liked that name, it had ring to it. In general though, it was almost impossible to tell when Ugo was plastered because he always — or almost always — had that far off glassy look in his eyes. If a female appeared within one hundred yards of his table the faraway look was rapidly replaced by an

unambiguous scrutiny usually followed by a quietly muttered: "Man will you dig those gams?" Finally, when Ugo became tired of visually undressing the girl, he would lean back and finish his beer.

Because of his attitude toward his classmates, Ugo was nicknamed "Ugh", and he in turn thought of them as a "bunch of buggers". When he became irritated with them (and this occurred almost always) he would emphasize his disgust by saying, "I wouldn't give a bucket full of deer droppings for any damn one of you!" Naturally this negative outlook made him about as lovable as a toilet bowl with his classmates. This didn't bother him too much, however. In fact he didn't attend any football games with the other engineers, not because he didn't want to associate with the immature boys he would undoubtedly find there (as some people suggested), but because he was too busy sleeping off his Friday night hangover and resting up for his Saturday night bottle bouts, to bother.

There were times that Ugo forced himself to take out a girl. Whenever he had a date, he would shave, shower and shiver (at the thought of sacrificing several beloved bottles — just for a female). On the date itself, however, Ugo became the picture of thoughtfulness, courtesy and temperance. But somehow he could not force himself to conform completely — Ugh's taste in women never did extend to young virgins.

Ugo's university life survived only two hectic months and in that time he had learned a lot — not much academically mind you; but about people in general. He had noticed that most students liked to think of themselves as individuals, as exceptions to the human race. In high school he recalled that most of them "played the rebel" by sitting in a restaurant after school with a cigarette, a coffee and a James Dean-ish sneer, in university they drank, grew beards, became over-refined or just plain raised hell. But most of all he remembered what the faculty had told him just before he was expelled "that individuality, within certain confining boundaries, could be tolerated by society, but that once you had exceeded those boundaries you were a misfit and could no longer be ignored."

Ugo turned and stared at the glass front of the Galbraith Building and remembered the times he had shown up for labs stoned completely out of his skull. He thought about the times he had told his professor to go to hell, and about the evenings when he would soothe his bitterness toward society by confiding in an understanding prostitute. He thought about the day that he tried to park his motorcycle inside the Wallberg Building "because it was raining outside." He took a long, last drag of his cigar and quietly murmured to himself, "Where to now, misfit?" And then he turned, discarded the butt, and walked away.

J. Morwick

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von Heinrich-Schmidt

# A MAN AMONG MEN

by IRVING KUMER

When the early explorers of America made their first landfall, they had the unforgettable experience of glimpsing a New World that no European had ever seen before them. Moments such as this—first visions of new worlds—are one of the main attractions of exploration. From time to time scientists are privileged to share excitement of the same kind. Such a moment arrived for Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt one morning in 1936 when he looked at something no one had ever before seen—an n-dimensional picture of a phlogiston molecule. Although many great men such as Paracetus and Priestly had spoken of this molecule, no one had ever seen it—no one, that is, until Dr. Schmidt. For such was the genius of this great man. He succeeded where others had failed and bestrode the world of science like a colossus with one foot firmly entrenched in the theory of men who had come before him, while the other roamed in search of new horizons to scan.

For Dr. Schmidt this achievement was the culmination of a life of trial, of frustration and of unequalled scientific accomplishment; a life which began humbly in the Hapsburg Palace in Vienna one morning in 1895. That he was born in the palace seems slightly odd, since his mother was only a cook. But most critics, notably Zuytg and Hoffelmeister, agree that there was nothing odd in this, since his father was a member of the royal family. Which member he was is not known, but it is fairly certain that he was on the male side of the family tree.

As he grew older, it became increasingly apparent that young Archibald was not like the other little boys in the palace whose mothers were cooks and whose fathers belonged to the male side of the royal family. He had an unquenchable thirst for scientific knowledge, which led him to seek the solitude of his own thoughts, far away from the clamor and the boyish games of his compatriots. This gained for him the enmity of his friends, who gave him the sobriquet "Finkus Americanus", and pinned it on his "rectum maximum". But this did not cause Archibald undue concern, for he knew if he had been a girl, his tormentors would never have known enough to change the masculine "Finkus" to the feminine "Finka", and so, would have appeared perfectly ridiculous to anyone who saw the label.

Because of this friction between himself and the others, Archibald was relieved to find that he and his mother were being sent to the little Serbian town of Sarajevo, where his mother was given the post of chief cook, and would have little time for the extracurricular activities she enjoyed in Vienna. In Sarajevo



DR. ARCHIBALD VON HEINRICH-SCHMIDT  
(1895-1962)

Schmidt delved into every scientific field known to man, and conducted innumerable experiments, most of which ended in failure. The most spectacular of these assaults upon the battlements of ignorance occurred in 1914, while Schmidt was working on misguided projectiles and the defects in the firing mechanisms and the kinetic operation of the original charge. Although the records are quite vague, it seems that one of his projectiles went astray, striking and fatally wounding his uncle Ferdinand, who was passing by in his carriage at the time. The failure of this foray into the unknown did not discourage Schmidt, for he later wrote to a friend, "A failure is never really a failure unless the observer is thwarted in his reliance upon observation and experiment. The frontiers of knowledge will never be extended until we, as pioneers of science, are sincere in our endeavour to accept defeat, and march bravely forth, basing our work on previous conclusions not yet determined. I only wish it had not been Uncle Ferdinand. He was a good man." But his family did not subscribe to these views, and Schmidt was forced to flee the serene atmosphere of his home in the Balkans.

Little was heard of Schmidt during the following four years as he travelled from city to city in a vain attempt to broaden his horizons and learn more of his fellow man. In 1919 his travels brought him to Moscow, where he decided to remain and work on his doctorate

in the kinetic theory of mechanisms. While in Moscow he also worked as a chemist in the cocktail division of Molotov Industries. That he felt his work here was quite successful is shown in a letter written to a colleague, in which he said, "Today has marked the end of my work in Moscow. After months of endless toil we have developed a beverage which will displace all that have preceded it. Although there is a likelihood of combustion when placed near a source of heat, we feel this inconvenience is more than compensated for by its unequalled taste. I must admit this development leaves me rather sad, for I must look for new fields to conquer."

After his success in Moscow Dr. Schmidt received offers from all over the world, indicating the high regard in which he was held. One of these offers came from an Italian relative, who had emigrated from Sicily to America, and had made his fortune in Chicago. This relative wanted Schmidt to do research that was closely associated with the work he had done in Moscow. Dr. Schmidt accepted the position, and in 1924 he journeyed to America to work until 1931 when his services were no longer required.

He next turned his probing mind to the question of the interrelation between energy and the speed of light. Two years of tireless effort resulted in the formula  $e = cm^2$ , which explained many phenomena which had hitherto been complete mysteries. However, three days before publication of his findings, the unpublished notes were stolen; and six months later a slightly altered version of Schmidt's formula was presented to the world. Because of shrewd promotion the second formula gained wide acceptance among the public and many gullible scientists who inhabit the laboratories and lecture halls of the universities of America.

Following this blow, Dr. Schmidt went into seclusion, far from the "maddening crowd" and the threat of scientific plagiarism. As an added precaution against this form of thievery, Dr. Schmidt was careful never to make notes, nor keep records of any kind. This policy was very successful, for he never again had any of his work stolen by lesser lights who had not the brilliance of this man among men.

After several years of research Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt reached the pinnacle of his career, as he viewed the phlogiston molecule in all its brilliant complexity. The remaining years of his life were spent in quiet study and occasional lecture tours in which he tried to impart to his audiences some of his limitless enthusiasm for science. His last lecture was held at the University of Toronto in the autumn of 1961, where his picture stands as a lasting tribute to his memory.

Early in 1962, Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt died. The roving foot of the Colossus, which for years had discovered new lands and new horizons, stood motionless at last. He was carried to his resting place by a corps of reverent engineers, humming sadly and with heads bowed,

"We are, we are, we are . . ."

## Toike Oike Weakened Review

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Bully says, "Dark is a link," rather says, "Who took my censored mickey?" Engineers will like this book. Artsmen will like this book. Yes, yes, yes. This book was banned in Boston. Why, why, why? Read it and see, see, see.

## Numbers Galore

by LAWRIE R. MORRIS

*The Toronto and Vicinity Telephone Directory. (1116 pg + 838 yellow pg.) A. G. Brill — Bell Telephone Co. — 29c*

For those who have spent countless hours perusing previous editions of this masterly volume, the present work is a great disappointment. Many of our old friends have moved; many names are now unlisted. However, a quick survey reveals many surprising details.

For instance; there are 32 Finks in Toronto, one of whom is a doctor. Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare both have unlisted numbers. The lady holding the telephone on the inside of the front cover has six fingers. If you call the number ME. 5-1185 you will hear a 1,000 cps test tone; if you call the number QQueensway 5-7876 something is wrong with you as there is no "Q" on the telephone dial.

The precision of some statements is amazing! On the inside front cover it states, "Reduced rates apply on calls to many countries during certain night hours."

The Bohemian Embassy is listed under "Consulates and Other Foreign Government Reps." in the Yellow Pages.

Some of the witty sayings at the bottom of the Yellow Pages are a real riot.

Pg. 30—"An extension phone costs less per month than a couple of cakes."

"If you want a hot date call 929-2151 and ask for Miss Paige."

"If you examine the picture of Toronto on the cover of the Yellow Pages you will see that there is a person jumping from the 54th floor of the Bank of Commerce Building."

Should you desire a copy of this work of art simply phone your telephone company. (If the line is not busy.)

## Betty's Best Yet

by L. R. MORRIS

*Betty Crocker's Engineering Cookbook (911 pp) — B. Crocker — General Mills, (\$5.98 and 2 "Cheerios" box tops)*

At last a publishing company has published a book which will allow all engineers to get 100% on all their labs. Such a book is Betty Crocker's latest offering. This book is complete and concise in every detail.

Divided into two sections for convenience, this copious volume contains every conceivable aid. The first section, devoted to chemistry, contains ten pages of tear-out Super-Accutint pH papers. PH may be determined with .01% due to the special formula developed during "Wheaties" research. Also included are fifteen pages of tear-out sheets for qualitative analysis; any one of the 103 elements may be identified within seconds. A special cross-reference chart also lists probability curves for "unknown" numbers based on a ten year study of U of T dummy records. An innovation to previous editions is an index containing detailed recipes for aphrodisiacs, truth serum, nylon, metracal and garbol.

The physics section of the book is a wonder to behold. Included are 100 feet of prepared Fletcher trolley tracings, a controlled instant balance which, via the axiom of visual certainty (seeing is believing), gives instantaneous weighings to an accuracy of .001 mg., and a complete set of characteristics of all electron tubes in use in the McLennan Labs. (These tubes have not been changed in 35 years.) Also explained is the use of the famous "Crocker Constant", which, when inserted in any formula, automatically adjusts the results to agree with Clark's Tables, etc.

Readers will particularly enjoy the foreword by noted space expert Glenn John, who recently went into orbit, and as yet, has not returned.

## Jombs Inc.

by R. ARNOLD RUSSELL

*Kasfr Tut-diththead, architect to King Cheopk. (Royal Printing House, Egypt; copyrighted 2562 B.C.) — 20½ shekels*

This enlightened book has for many years been the bible of the pyramid builder. In it are found the original drawings, calculations, and mistakes of the great master himself. A true tribute to him is the fact that his work is still standing today. The Great Pyramid of Egypt, an artistic and stylish masterpiece of true engineering brilliance still stands, hardly daunted by the passing ages.

Buy the book now and become an expert on building mountains!



again shows the flash of greatness that he displayed in his earlier novels.

The plot is tightly knit. It begins on the edge of an African jungle, where a young, naive elephant named Horton is requested by a frivolous, irresponsible Daisy-bird to mind her yet unhatched egg, while she makes a short trip to the Florida gold coast. Faced with the realities of parenthood for the first time in his young life, Horton takes up the challenge and mounts the tree in which the egg is located (no mean task for an elephant, even one of his tender years).

Here Dr. Seuss gives a sharp analysis and a keen insight into the life of a young elephant. With the effective use of flashbacks Dr. Seuss traces Horton's childhood to his present dilemma, although Horton appears unaware of the fact that the Daisy-bird will never return to reclaim her young. In spite of all difficulties remains in his perch, repeating to himself the recurring theme, "I meant what I said, and I said what I meant, an elephant's faithful one hundred per cent."

Finally he is captured, tree and all, by a junior grade Clyde Beatty, and is shipped to America, where he is sold, still perched atop his tree, to a travelling circus as a curiosity. On one of the circus's extended tours he meets the Daisy-bird once again, just as the egg is about to hatch, something which the plot fails to do.

The ending is twisted and ironic. It contains a mixture of horror and sentiment that does not go down well at all. The finale of the book must indeed be regarded as one of its outstanding failures, for it offends without shocking, induces nightmares instead of thought.

After the recurrent-hat analogy of the Bartholomew series, one is disappointed in finding such symbolism missing in "Horton". Although the egg may be misconstrued as a fertility symbol, nothing else in this book supports such a conclusion. It is hoped that Dr. Seuss will be able to do better along this line in his future publications.

## Cinema

by D. MARTIN Q. MONRO

### Bergman Boobs

*Frantic Gooseberries (Universal-International)*

Ingmar Bergman, the director who has captured the scorn of all intellectuals and the praise of many morally decadent artsmen has once again produced a film designed to undermine all that is good in society.

In his latest disgrace, Frantic Gooseberries, Bergman probes the problem of whether girls under sixteen should wear lipstick. With an utter neglect of moduli of elasticity, bending moment and shear force diagrams, and Planck's constant, Bergman has presented a distorted view of humanity. He portrays the chemical engineer as the villain responsible for spreading the curse of pre-marital lipstick applications. His sloppy attempts at passion ("But mother, everyone is wearing it") leave this reviewer sickened, and when the evil matriarch finally triumphs by killing her fiance, Max Factor, the full ugliness of Bergman's approach is revealed.

Ingmar Bergman is a sadist who has as his only motive the complete destruction of the elegant principles brought to the screen by Roy Rogers, Davy Crockett, and Steve Reeves. If the Ontario Board of Censors were doing its job it would not allow such a film to enter the country to pollute the minds of our people.

### Stunningly Sexy

*Hannibal and the Humpey-people, (utterly Rank Organization)*

This week the Lux Theatre presented what this reviewer considers to be the most brilliant film seen on this continent in the years since King Kong. The story tells how Hannibal, while vacationing in the Italian alps with his herd of elephants, discovers the Humpey valley, a valley full of beautiful virgins. The film asks the question "Can one man satisfy the desires of seven hundred Humpey women?" Hannibal's efforts provide humour, pathos, excitement, tension, and free beer. Brigitte Bidget deserves an Academy Award for her portrayal of the leader of the women of Humpey, and Rock Hasone as Hannibal gives the most brilliant performance by a male actor ever to sneak past the censors.

## Puz-zels

by R. LAWRENCE MORRIS

- In a tug of war:
  - Four engineers can tug as hard as five artsmen.
  - Two artsmen and one engineer can hold their own against two Medsmen.
  - If two medsmen and three artsmen are pitted against one artsmen and four engineers in a tug of war, which side will win?
- Prove that  $xn + yn \neq zn$  for  $n$  greater than 2 and  $x, y$  and  $z$  all integers.

casts and prophecies of our times. Close study of the didactic poem shows that the simple direct language employed in the four lines of this discourse clearly predict the hostility and chaos in our modern world. The whole tone of the poem is set by the alliteration and cacophony in which the harsh consonants are intended and literally do jolt the reader into an awareness of the world situation. The rollicking rhythm gained by alternating the lines between iambic tetrameter and trimeter keeps the reader alert and receptive to the puissant message. The expert use of emphatic symbolism and adroit application of mixed metaphors within internal rhyme accentuates the serious mood implied by the central theme of the poem. The forceful impact of the author's opportune warning is felt only after several intensive readings and it is then that the reader truly appreciates the foresight of Lewis Carroll.

## Time

*THE 1962 CALENDAR (Bank of Montreal — Father Time Press — 25 francs)*

It is time that someone did something about calendars. Every year the same damn thing. Why does June 7 have to be on the same day of the week as June 14th and May 17th? Why does May have to be before June? It seems that conformity has even reached this industry; the adult population complains about this conformity yet they persist in their infernal copying. It seems to us that the first calendar published in each year should be copyrighted and not reproduced by other proponents of the art of plagiarism. Originality should prevail!

## Jokes

Skuleman: I'll give you five dollars for one kiss. Pardon me, did I offend you?

Coed: No, I was just thinking of the big fortune I gave away last night for nothing.

The following hint was recently given in a Household Economics class on how to tell whether a goldfish is a boy or a girl:

"To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulfuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he's a boy. If she comes floating to the top, she's a girl."

The trouble with being the best man at a wedding is that you don't have a chance to prove it.

Obtuse Anger is that which is greater than Right Anger.

The end (i.e. "the product of the Extremes"), justifies (i.e. "is equal to" — see Latin "aequus"), the Means.

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# Twenty Years After

by R. HUMBERT RIDLER

Now that twenty years have passed since that great moment in history when Prince Edward Island seceded from the Commonwealth, it is time to make an objective appraisal of the results. At that momentous time the reasons for separation were of crucial importance. Our distinctive way of life was being threatened by the great mainland majority. In the federal parliament our representation was so badly outnumbered that we had no hope of presenting our problems before the house and anticipating successful action. The federal government insisted on giving us money to build roads and universities, contrary to our independent nature to go it alone and hang the expense. Our stable crop and sole export, potatoes, was meeting unfair competition from unscrupulous Ontario growers who insisted on passing on their savings on transportation to the consumer, thereby cutting us out of the central Canadian market. Tourists from the mainland were allowed to pass to and from our fair island without hindrance, allowing the smuggling of precious potato spirits (vodka) out of the country without duty. The fishing fleets from neighbouring provinces were allowed to deplete one of our greatest natural resources.

In the light of all these inequalities and injustices of the past, and viewing the present situation one can only conclude that Prince Edward Island is much better off for seceding when she did.

It has meant a great deal for our national spirit. Prince Edward Island is an autonomous state, with a national anthem, a national flag, and a centrally located national government, has been able to develop and maintain the insular culture which was and will be our national characteristic forever. No longer must we pledge allegiance to a figure-head monarch of some distant foreign land. Our sovereignty rests safely in the Parliament Buildings of Charlottetown. Our parliamentarians have been able to take positive and useful steps towards solving some of our most pressing problems. Problems which by and large would have been ignored by Ottawa. Safeguards were instituted early to protect our religion, by first making it the state religion and then by making it a pre-requisite for government office. Edwardian English has been assured of survival by a vigorous campaign

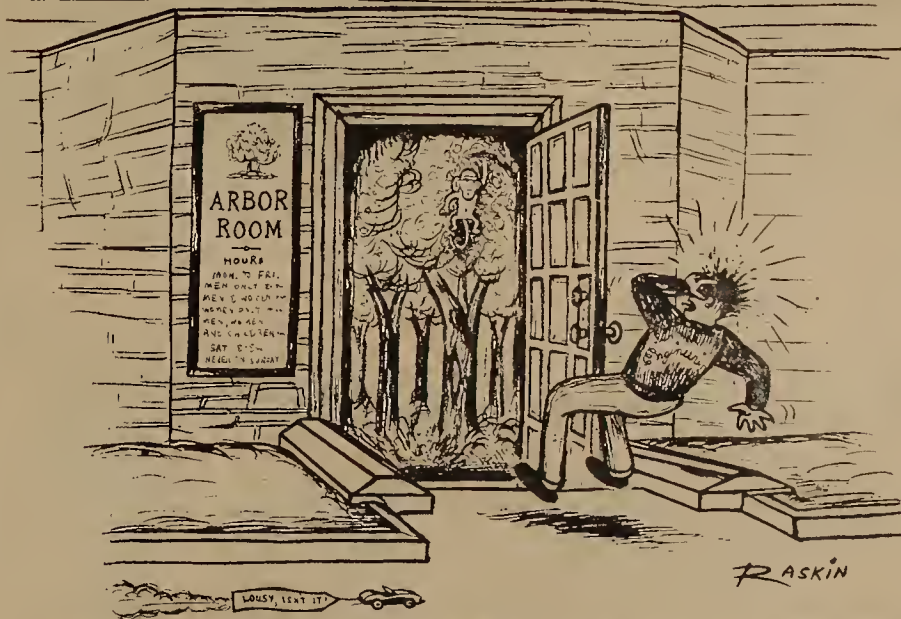
# The Arboreal Room

As one more in our series of services rendered to you, dear reader, your reporter on epicurean delights descended this week upon that new downtown dive under Hart House known as the Arboreal Room. My reaction which is so graphically portrayed above is, I've been told, typical of all those who first enter the dark recesses of this retreat. The close set, steaming, luxuriant

growth of jungle flora coupled with the distinctive wild simians and the exotic background music, harmonize to produce a gripping feeling of the abandoned and primitive nature of mankind. One almost feels that a series of inoculations for malaria, yellow fever, the clap, and other tropical diseases would have been a prerequisite for entry. I forged ahead, through the vines and

creepers and soon found myself in the main clearing. Surrounding a large black iron pot which bubbled quietly over a glowing pile of faggots were numerous groups of "natives" sitting on the simulated ground and swaying in ascination to the exotic music which emanated from a group of zombies in one of the more poorly lit corners. Two far out types were attempting some

sort of ritualistic dance which vaguely resembled the twist, in the eerie light from the fire. I sat down with my engineering jacket turned towards the edge of the jungle so as not to startle the habitues and absorbed atmosphere, sounds and multi-cups of coffee for half an hour. At the end of that I crept away quietly confirmed in my appraisal of the enclave—it's the coolest man!



# Dirty Old Wallenstein

by J. F. LYONS

Over 300 years ago a German General stood passively on a hill-top, surrounded by his personal bodyguards, watching the slaughter and chaos that was going on beneath him. On the plains below his mercenary armies were completing the route of the Danish forces that had invaded Germany in 1625.

The mercenary general was Wallenstein, a man whose mark on history had almost gone unnoticed until the publication of a book by Kenneth Scott, a little-known historian from The Pas, Man. The book, appropriately named "Wallenstein", deals with Wallenstein's rise and fall from power. The book has little to say

named after him, the dreaded Wallenstein Foundation.

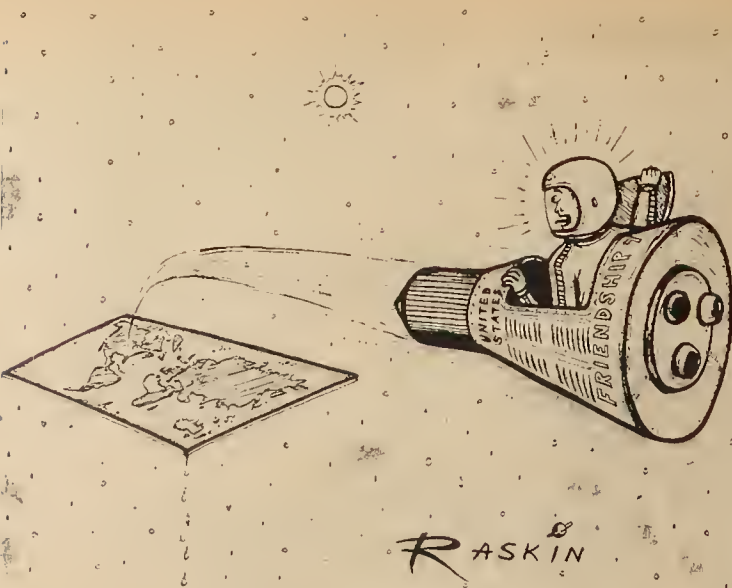
Wallenstein began his career as an obscure Bohemian nobleman who battled his way to power on sheer drive, greed, and a brand of trickery and intrigue unequalled in history. Dissatisfied with living in a dingy castle, he left home at an early age to become a minor official in a local Bohemian town council. By accepting bribes from castle-builders who wished to build multi-family castles further into the moat than the law permitted, he was able to acquire sufficient capital to allow him to organize an army and fight on the side of Emperor Ferdinand II in the Bohemian wars.

peanut butter. Danish shot travelled a mere ten feet from each cannon barrel, Mr. Scott says, and landed with a sticky gloop well in front of the on-rushing Germans.

The Wallenstein Foundation cultivated its founder by many years, according to Mr. Scott, and must take the blame for numerous disasters that have been attributed to other causes. Although it partook in many liberalist revolutions, the Foundation remained a right-wing group. The political beliefs of Wallenstein agents were very flexible, adjusting themselves to the prevailing atmosphere of popular opinion at the time.

have wiped out entire villages and towns. They were said to have been making snowballs and rolling them down the mountainsides.

Despite their spectacular, though scattered, successes, the Wallenstein Foundation must be regarded as a failure. Few of the Wallenstein agents that roamed the country spreading disaster and ill-feeling wherever they went, remain in Canada today. Many have died and have not been replaced by the younger generation. Some have left Canada and have gone afield to meet the challenges in the underdeveloped countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America. The



# Flattists Unearth Hoax

by DONALD M. Q. MONRO

Hyman S. Maidenhead, the newly elected chairman of the U of T chapter of the flat earth society, announced today that from the events surrounding the launching of the American astronaut the society gained new ammunition in its war against science.

Brandishing his yellow wazoo with pride, (the insignia of the Flat Earth Society, readers will recall, is a yellow wazoo on a green background) he proceeded to tell of a shocking hoax perpetrated by the corrupt capitalist engineers.

It would appear that ever since the Americans sent up their first crummy little satellite and lost it over the edge American scientists have known that the earth was flat. A quick conference with the Russians at the time confirmed this theory. Ever since then the scientists of both countries have been perpetrating a hoax which has fooled everyone, including the politicians who have voted billions of dollars for space research.

Those responsible for this outrage claim that the parties after each launching were so good that they couldn't resist, and that if they revealed the futility of the satellite program the gov-

ernment would probably put them to work designing latrines for the marine corps.

But, one might argue, thousands of people have seen these satellites at night. Not so, comes the response. Scientists and engineers are clever people. They placed one technician in Australia and another in California who used giant un-searchlights to shine giant un-beams of un-light into the sky, and where these two beams intersected they combined to produce a spot of light. By careful manoeuvring this spot of light was made to appear to orbit the earth.

As far as the astronauts were concerned, everyone knows that they were a very select group. But what practically nobody knew was that they were selected not merely as clean-cut, church-going, heroic American test pilots, but as clean-cut, church-going, heroic American test pilots with twin brothers of I.Q.

While the twin would be blasted into hyperspace, having been promised a lollipop on his return, our hero would begin broadcasting messages from a B59 cruising at 40,000 ft. over the Bahamas. When the time for re-entry came the astronaut would climb into his capsule,

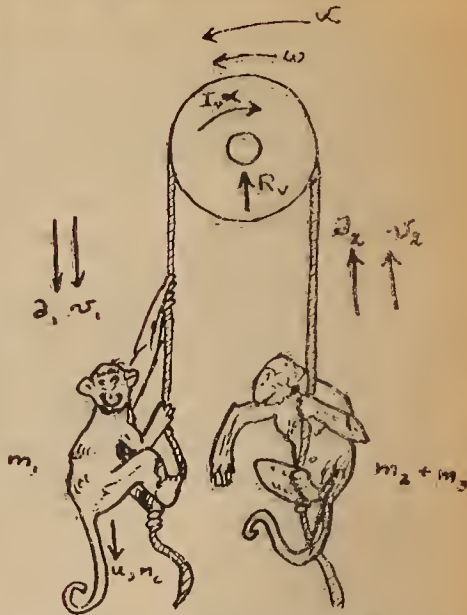
suitably scorched with the flame of a blowtorch and parachute into the Atlantic, where eager destroyers would ram each other in an attempt to pick him up first. It all made for a great TV show.

The research division of the flat earth society managed to sneak a transmitter of their own aboard the capsule in the recent American display and in spite of difficulty in understanding the gibberings of Ron Glenn (brother of John Glenn) managed to gain valuable information about the earth, the first true information gained from space exploration.

The earth is indeed perfectly flat, it was determined, and there is a huge drainage ditch around the outside. An expedition has been sent to explore this ditch, but some difficulty is expected in traversing the front campus to reach it because of the conditions of fog.

The flat earth society has gained fresh initiative from its discoveries, and promises to continue onward in the face of all adversities and the Committee on Un-American Activities, ever striving to defeat the conspiracies of the scientists and engineers responsible for deluding the masses.

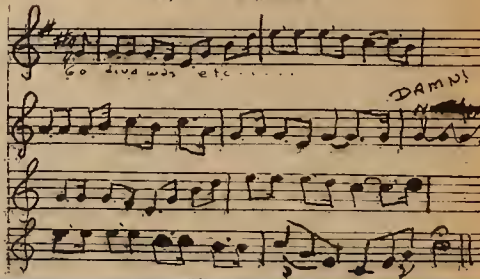
## One Monkey...



- (a) A rope passes without slipping over a cylindrical drum, and enjoys the presence of two simians who adhere firmly to it (i.e. without slipping). The simians are identified in the sketch. If simian S2 is three months with young, and the rate of gain of weight of a simian embryo is  $(200/t-1)$ , where "t" is the time of growth in seconds, find the Kinetic Energy of the system if S2 continues to adhere firmly and S1, being a vulgar little simian, is propelled upwards by a sudden crepitational force F1. Give the answer in ft-lbs. per cubic simian.
- (b) Assuming that simian S1 maintains a constantly increasing crepitational force, find the angular velocity of the system after six months.
- Hint: After six months have passed the simian S2 will bear a child, simian S3. There are two solutions to this problem.
- (1) Assume the simian S3 has his wits about him when projected from S2 with a velocity "v", and in passing seizes a piece of S2's tail.
- (2) Assume S3 is a deadhead, misses the piece of tail, and is dashed to pieces on the rocks below.
- (c) Who is S3's father?

## Music

by D. M. Q. MONROE

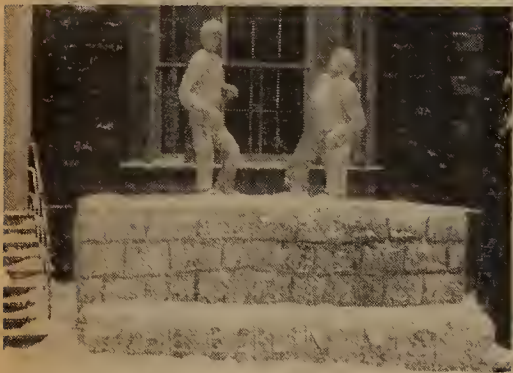




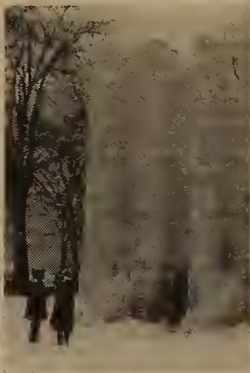
# McGill Winter Carnival Features Snowy Structures, Sculptures



The Carnival Friar was the first prize winner in the McGill Winter Carnival ice sculpture contest.



Kennedy and Khrushchev twist atop the Berlin Wall in one of the more satirical efforts of the Carnival.



This monstrous Ice Palace was partially hollowed out and had a light inside which gave a blue iridescent glow after the sun slid down.



The  
**TOIKE OIKE**  
needs  
\* ARTISTS \* WRITERS \*

## John's Jottings

By JOHN BELL

The fourth and last general meeting of the Engineering Society was held a week ago last Wednesday. Although the topic of the speaker, Leonard Bertin, science editor of the *Toronto Star*, was "The American Space Program", which has been pretty thoroughly rehashed in the press lately, the meeting was well attended. It is a remarkable improvement over meeting number three when only twelve engineers showed up. Mr. Bertin's talk was well received and his sideline comments on the human side of John Glenn's flight prevented any comparison with the press reports of February 20.

### Blood Drive

With the departure of the Red Cross from the campus until next fall it was disappointing to note that engineers didn't even reach 90% of their expected quota, while other faculties dripped up to 300%. Kinda makes a fella wonder what our blood is made of.

### Hope

This last issue of the *Toike Oike* brings to mind that another year is almost gone. Soon the decision of whether or not we are fit in knowledge to progress will be made. At certain times throughout the year our attitude toward heavy study becomes lax. The emphasis of our efforts points more toward the outer activities that round us into educated men. However, with but fifteen school days remaining this period is surely past. The time is short indeed in which to learn so very much. And we must get down and learn, for when the decision is made, we cannot cook or guess or crib. We must be organized and complete in our thoughts, for this is the basis of decision. Those of us who do not realize this as yet are likely still resting our future on hope. However, preparation is the only key, for hope, at this time, is our greatest foe.

### Something To Think About

"Hope, they say, deserts us at no period of our existence. From first to last, and in the face of smarting disillusion, we continue to expect good fortune, better health and better conduct, and so confidently that we judge it needless to deserve them."

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Good luck and a good summer to all. Be seeing you next fall. I'll be here, will you?

## Jargon Called Obscene

## Astronaut Ground

# New Colleges For Us?

By R. H. RIDLER

At a time when the need for men's residences is at an all time high on this campus, the announcement of plans to build four new residential colleges came as a very pleasant surprise. There is, strictly speaking, only one all-university residence here now, and that is Devonshire House.

The new residences will be somewhat of the same kind, although they will not have the same time-honoured atmosphere of Devonshire. However, they will provide room for students from all faculties on campus. A new system of integrated government comprised of dons from different arts' colleges and science faculties will, it is hoped, counteract the tendency of the university to fragment into smaller units as it becomes larger, especially since the construction of the west campus, and in particular Sydney Smith Hall.

"This is a fine motive for building the new residences. However, the great need of the moment is not more room for artsmen, since they can't fill their residences now (as evidenced by several engineers and medsmen who reside there in lieu of artsmen), but more room for professional students. The report in the Varsity stated that the residential colleges will provide for students from the professional faculties, as well as the arts and sciences.

It appears then, that students from the professional faculties will be allowed, in what seems like a condescending fashion, to make use of some, probably small, proportion of the new faculties.

Last year at Devonshire House about one thousand applications for residence were turned down, while only sixty-five were accepted. It is conceivable that many more prospective students simply did not apply, knowing full well

their chances of entry were nil. Why, then, does

President Bissell want to supply so much more room for arts and science students, who don't really need it, and as an afterthought, for the professional students who desperately need it. From our point of view it is much more important for a professional student to be on campus than for an artsman, for two reasons. First, he doesn't have any time to waste going to and from home (which may be 35 miles away), since he already has a full schedule (30-35 hours a week). Secondly, he has no time during the day to mix with other students as most arts-men do.

## Squashers Squelched

With the playoffs almost completed SPS teams have finished completely out of contention for the intramural championship. SPS III led by Alfred Aho, John Faizack, and Mike Ferguson made the best showing with a victory over Law A. They were subsequently eliminated by Trinity A. Both Sr. SPS and Jr. SPS were eliminated before they could get started. Only the final match between Meds I and Trinity A remains to be played.

Skule squash teams played the entire season without a default.

## Splashers Scintillate

With the 1962 regular water polo season completed SPS I, the lone Skule team to clinch a playoff berth, are heavily favoured to win the Eckhardt Trophy. SPS I finished first with a record of six wins, one loss and one tie.

The freshman team of SPS VI came close to gaining a playoff spot as they held a 5-1 record, opposed to Meds V's 6-0 record in the same division.

SPS I will meet Meds I in the semi-finals today at 5:30. The engineers are heavy favourites in this game on the basis of their two wins over the same team earlier this year.

The finals, a best two out of three game series take place the next week on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:30. It is expected that if Skule makes the finals they will meet Trinity A, whom they defeated once and tied once during the regular season.

## Fourteen Teams Fail To Reach Hockey Finals

In spite of a record fourteen teams Skule hockey squads failed to place a finalist in the Jennings Cup race. The three SPS teams that did succeed in making the playoffs were nudged out of contention before the semi-finals.

Peter Kanitz (III Chem.) coached Sr. Skule and Gerry Grierson (III Chem.) managed, while Terry Heaslip (III Eng. Phys.) and Merv Graf (II Mech.) performed similar duties for Jr. Skule. John Botsford (II Mech.) guided the undefeated SPS XII crew. Noel Nightingale (III Mech.) was the pick of Sr. Skule forwards, while Gary German (IV Ind.) stood out on de-

## Skule Tracksters Favoured To Win

Following the general upsurge in both participation and achievement in track and field, SPS tracksters are within reach of the interfaculty track championship. With only one meet remaining Skule runners hold a six point advantage over second place Vic.

The only competitor in the Sr. Intramural outdoor meet in the fall was Bob Carmichael, who placed third in the 880 with a time of 21:01.7, and fifth in the 440. In the Jr. meet, John Van Iterson placed second in the 440. In the Sr. Harrier (cross-country) meet, held in High Park, Tony Black placed second, while Carmichael was seventh. The Sr. meet was held immediately after the Jr. meet, in which Carmichael had garnered a second place.

It was in the Indoor Track that S.P.S. vanquished the lesser physical specimens from other faculties,

however. There were ten meets held on successive weeks, and after five, Skule was holding a slight lead over several close challengers for the team title. The final results are not as yet available at time of writing.

In the first meet, Charlie Wise won the Jr. 50, while Van Iterson placed second in the Jr. 1000. Carmichael placed second in the Sr. 50 yards.

The next week, Wise was second in the Jr. 100, Van Iterson second in the Jr. 600, and Carmichael third in the Sr. 100. Then Van Iterson won the Jr. 880 with a record-breaking run, and the relay team of Wise, Van Iterson, Ed LaHay, and Carmichael won the seven-lap relay.

Van Iterson won the Jr. 1 1/2 miles the following week, and Carmichael ran third in the Sr. 220. Van Iterson continued as the scourge of the Junior events with a victory in the three-quarter mile, and the relay team of Carmichael, Van Iterson, Wise, and Jeff Jewell won the eight-lap relay.

In the next meet, Carmichael placed second in the Sr. 440 yards. Ed LaHay then won the Jr. mile, and the team of Wise, Van Iterson, Toivo Rukholm, and Carmichael placed second in the 12-lap relay. Carmichael, Van Iterson, Wise, and LaHay placed second in the four-lap relay on the same evening, to the discomfiture of one competitor's tummy.

There were two more meets to complete the schedule, finishing a good year and heralding perhaps an even better one next year.

fence. Tops for Jr. Skule were John Killer in goal and Craig Simpson on the forward wall.

	W	L	T
Sr. Skule	4	3	1
Jr. Skule	3	4	1
SPS III	0	4	2
SPS VI	2	4	0
SPS V	0	6	0
SPS VI	3	3	0
SPS VII	3	3	0
SPS VIII	1	3	0
SPS IX	1	3	0
SPS X	3	2	0
SPS Freshmen	2	3	1
SPS XI	1	4	1
SPS XII	6	0	0
SPS XIII	3	2	1